HOME RULE PROSPECTS.

HOW THINGS LOOK IN THE COMMONS-LORD HARTINGTON'S POSITION. IFROM THE REGULAR CORRESPONDENT OF THE THIBUNE.

The interval accorded by Mr. Paraell to Mr. Gladstone for inquiry and examination is described by the Parnellite organ as a pious fraud and comedy. Mr. Gladstone, says his caudid-very candid-friend, "has demanded a month to familfarize the English mind with a project which, six months ago, would have seemed to them as outrageous as a proposal to scuitle the British Navy and sink if to the bottom of the sea." Neither Mr. Gladstone, however, nor his candid friend, has given a perfectly accurate account of this interval. Mr. Gladstone himself is known to be hard at work sixty members will follow his lead. legislation. Other people call it destructive legislation. Give it what name you like, it is, according to all testimony, a scheme for the construction of an Irish Legislature and for the destruction of the existing Union between England and Ireland. Both descriptions of his labors are therefore correct. The form these midnight toils will ultimately take is known to nobody outside the Cabinet and to perhans one or two inside.

During the interval nothing decisive can occur but a great many things becur which are, to say the least, interesting. The state of public opinion remains, I think, pretty much what it was. The average Englishman is not a man to call his thinking faculties into use till he must. He will make up his mind about Mr. Gladstone's proposal when Mr. Gladstone's proposal is before him and not till then. Lord Hartington told the Eighty Club on Friday that, in his belief, no considerable section of the people of this country had yet advanced to the opinion that the concession of an Irish Parliament in Dublin, whether mdependent or dependent, is one which can safely be granted. I have heard a similar, though not quite the same, opinion expressed by a leading Liberal who belongs to that wing of the Liberal party which is supposed to be most remote from Lord Hartington, According to this Radical-Liberal or advanced-Liberal chief, there is no evidence that the country has made up its mind one way or the other. A state of perfect tranquillity prevaits. There is no panic about Home Rule-there is scarcely, among people in general, any alarm. The possibility of a breakup of the Empire has not presented itself to the eversluggish imagination of the English people. There was an outbreak of hostility to the proposal of separation which came, or was supposed to come, from Hawarden last December. It was strong enough and general enough to induce Mr. Gladatone drop his scheme for the moment, to postpone the authentic announcement of it. Parliament met in January. It was at once apparent that Mr. Gladstone had not abandoned his purpose. He did not proclaim it; he is, as he has himself said, too old a Parlia-mentary hand for that. What he did was to make a speech which committed him to nothing, but which none the less evoked a shower of sympathetic cheers from the Parnellites. A member of the House who is an enthusiastic angler described the scene in a sentence. Mr. Gladstone, he said, just dangled Home Rule before them for a minute, as if it had been a blue doctor, and then withdrew it. There was no effort to make them take the fly. They were allowed a glimpse of it, not long enough to frighten them or to attract them; just long enough to let them know it was there.

Opinion in the House of Commons and opinion in the country act and react on each other. At the opening of a new question, however, the House of Commons has a public opinion of its own, and one that is more easily gauged than that of the entire British public. In the present House, and on the question of Home Rule, the general sense of the House has undergone some changes. If the late Government had had the courage of their opinions, they could probably have carried at the beginning of the session the substance of the Irish proposals which later did not avail to save them from shipwreck. They would have been joined by moderate Liberals sufficient in number to carry a resolution or bill for suppressing the National League, for reing some form or reform of local government in treland not involving Home Rule. That day is past. Mr. Gladstone has regained all and more than personality in this new House than ever he was in any House chosen by a narrower electorate. The new members have fallen under the spell of that enchantment of speech and manner which few to whom it is not familiar long resist.

There are plenty of Parliamentary prophets now can carry through the present House of Commons anything he sees fit to propose; Home Rule included. There are others who maintain that the is to bring in will be a sugar-coated pall, easy to swallow and pleasant to the palate. The sugar will make it go down with Laberals in general; th Home Rule is safely wrapped up in it. This view takes for granted a degree of simple-mindedness which seems most unlikely to prevail. Mr. Gladpanacea must be a substantive measure. It will include an Irish Parliament, or it will not. If it Lord Hartington's speech of Friday, which was

does, there will be a Liberal minority who cannot be coaxed into accepting it. If it does not, Mr. Parnell will reject it. There the dilemma from which no way of escape seems possible. The real question is, How large will be the Liberal anti-Home Rule minority answer this question, and fails to throw any clear light on his own intentious or on the composition of the body of Whig Liberals who may be expected to follow him. The Tories, whose misfortune it is seldom to take other than purely party views of great national questions, cry out against hun. Lord Hartington has missed his chance, exclains the chief Tory organ. If he was looking for a good opportunity of going over to the Conservative camp, he has perhaps missed it, but I do not see what else he has missed. There cannot be many people who supposed Lord Hartington would really accept Lord Randolph Churchill's polite in vitation to walk into the Tory parlor. In no case could be have chosen Friday to execute such a manuaryre, for he spoke as the guest of a Liberal club. The line he took was the obvious line. He has not ceased to be a Liberal. He has not ceased to admire and respect Mr. Gladstone. He does not complain of Mr. Gladstone because he has undertaken to consider the Irish demand. He holds that the Liberal party and the country are bound to give a respectful consideration to anything Mr. Gladstone has to say or to propose on that subject, or on any other subject. He admits that at the bottom of Mr. Gladstone's present meditations the idea of Home Rule may probably be found It has long been in his mind as a possible solution of the Irish problem; the difference is that he now intends, or probably intends, to put it into some legislative form to which Lord Hartington himself does not expect to be able to give his support. And he reminds his hearers that nobody is bound to support these new views of the Liberal leader. Mr. Gladstone's opinions and impressions are his own, The Liberal party is committed to none of them; still less is the country committed. The final decision on a measure so momentous as Home Rule belongs to them, and not to any man, however eminent he may be. Lord Hartington means to give the new proposals an independent examination; that, it would seem, is why he is outwide the Cabinet. He declines to assume that they are to be framed to suit Mr. Parnell, and he decline to admit that Mr. Parnell and his eighty-five obedient servants in the House of Commons are entitled to speak for Ireland; still less to dictate to Eng-

That, perhaps, is all that Lord Hartington could be expected to say until Mr. Gladstone's proposals are known. It seems to be inferred that, even if he thinks them dangerous to the Empire, he will not

Trevelyan's course concerns chiefly himself. With all his ability and high position, he has not a considerable personal following in the Honse of Commons. Mr. Chamberlain has. He is not supposed to favor Home Ruie. Whether he is ready to quit the Cabinet rather than acquiesce in it, nobody knows. He is not so old a Parliamentary hand as Mr. Gladstone, but he is old enough to keep his own counsel. His defection would have serious consequences. It is calculated that from forty to on a scheme of what he calls constructive they rally to Mr. Gladstone, his scheme will go through. If they stand out, they and the Whigs together may more than compensate for the Parnellite support. In such case Home Rule will either be beaten in the House of Commons, or will pass by so narrow a majority as to invite the House of Lords to reject it with scant ceremony. That they will reject it at once is taken for granted. Mr. Gladstone will then have his choice of three courses. He may dissolve at once. He may summon an auumn session, pass his bill again through the House of Commons, and send it up for the second time to the Lords. He may, in the third place, let the whole subject stand over until next February. Whichever course he chooses, the policy on which he has entered bids fair, before it is affirmed, to shake the Kingdom to its centre.

MR. MANNING'S ALBANY LIFE.

HIS DINGY LITTLE OFFICE WHERE THE CLEVELAND "BOOM" WAS STARTED.

ALBANY, March 27 .- Daniel Manning's serius illness naturally has recalled him vividly to the amds of the people to this city, where he lived so long. few men in Albany who wers so universally known; politics and journalism had brought him in contact with thousands. He was a methodical man. Every week day one could meet him at a certain moment on the State-at. hill walking down to his dingy little office in The Argus building, and upon Sunday in Lancaster at. on his way to St. Paul's Protestant Episcopal Church.

The office in The Argus Building would instantly arouse ly interested in politics; for upon the walls there hung the portraits of demigods of the Democratic party-Samuel J. Tilden, Winfield Scatt Hancock, John T. Hoffman, Edwin Croswell, William Cassidy and Peter Cag room had witnessed many a secret con-ference of the chiefs of the Democratic party. Here it was that the Cleveland "boom" was born. Edgar K. Apgar one day called upon Daniel S. Lamont. then managing editor of The Argus, and found him seissoring press extracts. "Dan," said he, "whom do Mr. Lamont laid down his seissors and said carelessly "Well, I am beginning to think we had better take u this Buffalo man, Cleveland," Mr. Apgar knew that La mont never talked thus without some inspiration. He went below stairs to find Mr. Manning and sound him found Mr. Manning also leaning toward Mr. Claveland. and, laiving in the conversation, said: "I hear that Cleveland is on friendly terms with Tammany Hall. Would it be safe, therefore, to nominate him!" Mr. Manning was not perturbed. He replied: "Well, I don't know anything about Cleveland, never met him, nor do I know how he stands with Tamless than six months after his manguration he will quar rei with John Kelly. He can't help doing so. I guess we can safely take him if we want him." Mr. Manning's nor Cleveland did quarret with Mr. Kelly; the Tammany senators "hong up" Cleveland's nominations, and there was a breach between Cleveland and the Tammany organization which nearly cost nim his election as Presi-

the nomination of Cieveland for President. It was not till late in the spring of 1884 that Mr. Cleveland's consent to become a candidate for the nomination was obtained. In the meanwhile Roswell P. Flower, the Tammany Hall organization and other proposents of Mr. Cleveland had nearly gamed the

"Oh!" said the oldest girl, barely seven years of age,

her smaller companions, "she gave you a nickel instead of a cent." The old woman went behind the candy counter and took out a tin box containing a number of re that no nickel was lurking among the other ins, and then held it under the noses of the girls, ex

icalining sharply:
"There, now! Do you see any nickel in there!"
"There, now! Do you see any nickel in there!"
Without replying, the girls filed out of the shop, each

pointment. "You wouldn't believe it!" said the old woman bit-

A TERRAPIN'S INTELLIGENCE.

A TERRAPIN'S INTELLIGINCE.

Among the terraphic brought for sale last season to William S. Heverin, Little Creek Landing, Delaware Bay, was one with a portion of its shell crashed. A fracture of the reptile's upper plate made it apparent that it had been struck by a paddle of one of the many side wheel steamboats that ply the bay. On account of this accident it was named "Steamboat." It was placed in the pen and thrived, and in time, after daily repetitions of its strange title, it came to know its name. Every day Mr. Hoverin would walk toward the enclosure wherein he held thousands of terraphic captive, and when he called out "Steamboat."

nctively oppose them. I do not so read his speech or his character. Neither he nor Sir Henry James will, as Sir Henry said, go into a cave. Both, I apprehend, will do their best to defeat the new scheme if in their judgment it imperits the unity of the Empire.

There remains the question what Mr. Chamberlain will do, and what Mr. Trevelyan will do. Mr. Trevelyan's course concerns chiefly himsolf. With

WASHINGTON NOVELS.

AND SOME ACCOUNT OF THE PEOPLE WHO HAVE WRITTEN THEM.

THE REGULAR CORRESPONDENT OF THE TRIBUNE. Washington, March 27.-The successful Washington never still remains to be written. This, at least, is the opinion of everybody living here. It may be right, and it may be wrong. I myself venture to express no judgment ; I simply state what is a fact. To admit, it seems, that any of the numerous novels de-scriptive of life at the Capital had done justice to the presented a partly truthful picture even of Washington society, places the man or weman hinting at such a thing in much the same position that the critic would find himself in who would dmil that he had ever seen a satisfactory representation of "Hamlet." He would no longer be considered a critic, nor indeed a man possessed of the smallest modicum of common sense. Washington society is peculiarily itself as other people see it, though it has a perfectly respect it is very much like the society of London, which harbors the fond delusion the pictures of the handsome women and still handsomer men, drawn by Du Maurier in Punch, are truthful likenesses of the people one meets in the average London drawing-room. Thus it happens that a book touching upon the foibles and shortcomings of Washington society is decried here as being either a libel or aspired by malice, while one which should picture it as a standard to any community of culture, refinement and nition of superior merits. But it is not about the books but about their

the best known, perhaps, is Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett, Her novel "Through One Administration" is still read, which is more, no doubt, than can be said of most novels of Washington life. ill-health has comhas been spending the wister in Boston, though her profession. He is an oculist and lives in a modest little ouse in a quiet part of the town. It is here that Mrs. Burnett has done most of her work-Her "den" is on the third floor of the house excellent taste. She sits at a desk near the window ing plumpness, with a large head, rather sharp-ou movements are quick and nervous, yet not lacking in blue and green gowns of old-fashioned cut, the peacock She has two children, boys, about whom more has been written than about any other children I know of. They are handsome little fellows, in whom their mother, naturally enough, takes great pride. Bertha in "One Administration" says: I have always congratulated myself that my children were becoming to me." This is the view, too, which Mrs. Burnett takes of her boys, a novel, not to say extraordinary, way of considering one's offspring. She disposes of them in her house as she would of a fine piece of furniture or some choice specimen of brie-abrac. When the bell rings and a visitor is announcedsays: "Take your positions." Immediately the wellbeauty. The older one will lean his cloow on stretch himself in a graceful attitude on the heavy fur rag in front of the fire. The visitor enters and cannot fail to be struck by the picturesque beauty of the scene. If a mother berself, she goes away full of admiration for her briend's children, and feels ashamed almost of the roughness of her own boys, whom she is much more likely to find gliding down the banisters, sitting on the fence or playing ball, than striking picturesque attitudes. Amusing as this account of Mrs. Hurnett's mode of educating her boys may seem, I fear that it is suchily exaggerated, the truth being that she is neither foolish nor affected, but a sensible and well-balanced little woman.

sion he secretty gained passession of the votes of a maority of the New York delegates, bound this others to
Cieveiand by "the unit rule," and as all know nominated
Cieveiand for President.

There was one triumph at the National Democratic
Convention more piensant to Mr. Manning even than
the nomination of Mr. Cieveland. He said to the writer
some compensations for the hard work even of such a
convention as this; and people little think what they
sak when they request a business man to leave his lone
and office and engage in such a terrific structica swe
have hard for a week past. What pleased me is the
that Indian delegation played fast and loose with a
all through the convention. At heart they were for Meledy and we nominated Cieveland without them. The
we turned about, stampeded the convention for lifendriess.
That was very pleasant; I hope the Indiana delegation
is satisfied.

NATURAL DEPRAVITY OF CHILDREN.

OWN CHANGE NEEDED WATCHING.

While a TRIBUNE reporter waited in a small
stationery store in Houston-st, until the old woman in
charge of the piace could change a \$2 bill, the other day,
the was treated to a lecture on the natural depravity of
the youtiful mind. The occasion was given by three
little girls, who entered the shop in Indian file and
made a bec-line for the candy counter in the rear. Their
faces wore expressions of injured innocence.

Well: What do you want now if the old woman inquired.

**Only said the oldest zirl, barely seven years of age.

**Only said the oldest zirl, barely seven years of age.

**The most mailing and write it to get the
production of its touches were nevertheless quite beyound but less the widow of the admiral whose given by three
and in the author of the mather of said in the cold woman incieve wore expressions of injured innocence.

Well: What do you want now if the old woman inquired.

**Only said the oldest zirl, barely seven years of age.

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**The intermediate the admirated poportunity for most

youd him. If he and his wife had written is together, might easily have had all the contempt for office-holders and for American institutions which so commended it to the English, and yet might have been conveniently and for American institutions which so commended it to the English, and yet might have been conveniently disowned by either. But there is some one beside this pair upon whom suspicion rests of being the author of this book. It is a woman, too, the dangater of Judge Loring, of Massachusetts. The Lorings have for many years been residents of the District. They belong to the old Democratic families who during the long ascendancy of the Republican party refused by word or deed to countenance in any way the existing order of things. At their house there was wont to meet once every week—thelieve it was on Sundavs—a collection of fossils who lived on the recollection of bygone days. It was the meat ambitions attempt to ereate what I might call a Democratic saion. In this atmosphere and among such surrounding it is quite possible that the bitterness contained in Democracy "had its source. At any rate Miss Loring is considered clever enough by her friends to have written that book.

William D. Howells, who has been spending nearly a month in Washington, is reported as asying that the coming Washington, he reported as asying that the

"Never get your knife ground on the street," said a well-known cuttery man to a TRIBUNE reporter yesterday.
"Why i" asked the reporter.

will be ruined. Scissor-grinding is a poor man's trade, and I don't like to speak about the frauds in the business, just because the one honest man in ten may suffer by it. The fact is that Italian bosses, or whatever they are called capitalists, perhaps—the same who operate in hand-organs and hurdy-guides have bought up large numbers of the little science-grinding machines that are used in the streets. They leave these to Iralians, who know as firstle about grinding a kinffe or pair of sciences as a bracksmith. These fellows go about the city, rather up knives and literally run them. I have seen knives passed back to the cooks as sharpened which merely had the turnish rubbed off until the blade looked bright and new. That isn't so bad as when they round up a blade so that it takes a regular size so in the grindstone to put it in proper shape axili. There are at least a hundred of these locus seisors-grinders in New York City and they ought to be arrested as frauds."

ENTERTAINING A PRINCE.

ROYAL FARE OF A CERTAIN KIND AT BARON ROTHSCHILD'S. FROM THE REGULAR CORRESPONDENT OF THE TRIBE

Paris, March 12. The Prince of Wales has been enjoying himself

at Cannes-if at his time of life and with his de-

gree of stoutness, being in a whirl of festivity got

up by vapidadiers can be called enjoyment. He

arrived here yesterday morning and lunched in the afternoon with Baron and Baroness Adolphe Rothschild, who live in the Rue le Monceau, near the park of the same name, and belong to the Neapolitan branch of the great financial family. About ten years ago Baron Adolphe with drew from business on a capital of \$16,000,000 He is a great book-funcier and his wife has a pas sion for brie-a-brac. Their house is stored with antique farniture and they have a spacious saloon consecrated to furniture which belonged to Mme de Montespan. The tables and cabinets are in Buhl workmapship executed by the artistic artisan who created the style. At the end of this drawing-room was a stage prepared for Mile, Milly Myers, a singer of the Théo genre, who warbles at the Nouveautes Theatre, and for Mile, Rejane, of the Vaudeville, who is both a sparkling actress and a singer of light chansons. The party was made of the Duchesse de Grammont (née Rothschild, of Frank fort), her sister, the Princess Alexander de Wagram M. and Madame Ephrussi biée Rothschild, of the Alphonse branch), Baron and Baroness Gustave Rothschild, the Comtesse Aimery de la Rochefaucauld, the Comte and Comtesse d'Avary, M. and Madame Miers, Vicomte and Vicomtesse de Greffuhle, the Comte and Comtesse d'Aisace, the Mar quis and the Marquise Hervé de St. Denis (of skating tenown), the Marquis de Lau, who claims to be descended from Jock Law, of Lauriston, the auther of the "Mississippi Bubble"; the Marquis Impériali, Comte de Turenne, the Hon, Mr. Herbert, of the British Embassy, brother of Lady Lonsdale; writers that I wished to say something. Among these and Colonel Clark, in attendance on the Prince of

> This entertainment was rather hurriedly got up. the Prince having originally settled to come to Paris from the south on the 16th, and lunch at the Rue de Monceau on the 17th. But he was suddendly recalled to England-why, nobody

All the floral decorations were orchids. The different branches of the Rothschild family sent the wealth of their orchid houses to brighten up splendidly the reception-rooms of their kinsman. Prince sat at table between the hostess and the Comtesse Aimery de la Rochefaucauld. To give her precedence, it was arranged that the Princess de Wagram and the Duchesse de Grammont should drop in to lunch when all the others were table. According to old court rules a Duchess has the precedence of all other grades of titled ladies not belonging to the royal family; and the grandmother of Prince de Wagram was daughter of a King of Bavaria, while his mother was a Murat of the royalized house of Naples and the imperialized house of France through Carosister of Napoleon. Baroness Adolphe was in gray brocade, semi-low at the neck, and wore her famous pearls. The Comtesse Aimery, a delicate blonde priding herself on her likeness to Marie Antomette, was in garnet velvet made in the Marie Antoinette style with a deep fall of old lace on the India muslin kerchief that half hid her shoulders and bust. Her conflare was composed of lightlypowdered hair and a broad-brimmed hat worn on side of the head and trimmed with flowers. The Marquise Heryé St. Denis was in bright blue and black. She is a fair Austrian Jewess and the wife of a venerable professor of Oriental languages. Somehow she has managed to cut a great dash in "le high life," although she has to pay for the luxury in which she lives by the sale of pictures which she paints. The curious thing is that they are not quoted at any picture dealer's, and I am not aware that any of them have ever found their way into the Saloa. What is too extrardinacy is how she finds a moment's time to paint, there being no fashionable fete at which she is not a prominent figure. Whenever the Madrid Pond in the Bois de Boulogne, belonging to the Skating Club, is frozen over, she is, morning, noon and night, upon it, There are people who think her pretty. The fair cantile sharpness. Comte d'Avary, who has lately His wife is quite young and rather pretty. Vicomtesse de Greffuhle, née d'Arenburg, was in soft white brocade trimmed with sable. Her husband belongs to a cent-per-cent family of very recent date-which does not prevent him being thought good enough to associate with the Prince of Wales. I am not aware that he has a single personal quality to distinguish him has a single personal quality to distinguish him from the crowd, and he has a valgar appearance. But the neutrons ways of his grandfather and great-nucle created the great fortune which he partially enjoys. "Society" is satisfied. He also belongs to the turf set of the Prince of Wales, and is as reactionary in politics as a fine gentleman ought to be. Madame Ephrussi as Bettina Rothschild obtained a first-class teacher's diploma at a Hotel de Ville examination. She is not yet quite nineteen. Her husband is an Odessa Jew, and was one of the three gilded youths who, in 1872, when Thiers was at Trouville, attempted to get up a Bonajartist manifestation of a noisy kind, and got arrested. Baroness Gustave Rothschild is an Alsatian Jewess. It was she who refused to sit at the same table with the late Comte d'Arniu when he was German Ambassador here. d'Arnim when he was German Ambassador here, der maideu name was Anspach, and her uncle was rabbi of the Synagogue of Metz. The Hon. Mr. Herbert is a young Englishman, quite unpretentious and free from dudeism. He has neat, straight features, which would be classical if they had been formed in a more vigorous monid. as mould. After dejeuner the host and hostess showed their

After dejeuner the host and hostess showed their art treasures to their illustrious guest. He immensely admired an enamelied snuff-box of Louis Quatorze, set round with diamonds and a full-length portrait of Madame de Pompadour by Boncher, who surrounded her with emblems of all the arts and sciences which she set up to patronize. The entertainment was brought to a close by a segmete, in which Milly Myers and Mile. Réjane sang and recited. The author was the Marquis de Massa, who wrote it at the pressing solicition of Rejane. He is an agreeable light writer, of a Bonlevardier style. His comedies are in great request at the Francais, on Tuesday evenings, and used to be at Compeigne when Napoleon III. and the Empress Engente held their court there. The soynete suded with a chanson in honor of the Prince. It was set to an air which in her time Dejazet made famous and was sung by Réjane, who was dressed, her fashion, in black and orange. Milly Myers's songs were so sung by Réjane, who was dressed, her fashion, black and orange. Milly Myers's songs were Bonievardier that the ladies used their fans = 70 deal when they were being sung.

CATCHING MUSERATS IN CENTRAL PARK,

"Keep still, Jim, here comes a 'cop.'

Two small bushy heads tose up from a clump of shes, near the small pond at the Seventy-ninth st. atrance to Central Park on the west side, as this warn ing was uttered. At the sight of a stranger so near them he two heads disappeared again as quickly as they had appeared. A moment or two later and two small boys, about twelve years old, emerged from their hiding-place and were stealing away. But a splash in the muddy water attracted their attention in that direction and both stopped. To a THIBUNE reporter's inquiry as to what was there one of them replied:

ain't seen any here lately, but there used to be some."

An investigation proved their story to be slightly in correct. The splashing noise continued, and on ap-proaching the back of the pond a small chain was discovered with one end fastened to a stake driven in the ground, and the other end out of sight under the water. in pulling this in some difficulty was experienced, but when the other end was finally reached to good size in mushraf with one leg securely caught in the closed jaws of a sicel trap was landed on the bank. The manyled leg was broken and bleeding, but the owner of it was ready to make a lead fight for his life. His sharp naishaped teeth shone like process of lyony as he threw himself on his hard legs and prepared for battle, while a precallar spical issued from his small mouth.

"say, mister," said one of the urchius, "don't give us

the skin was taken off. In this performance the boy's companion assisted him, and both worked as it it was an every-day occurrence with them. When the job was finished the little fellow continued once more:

"You see this ain't nothin' new to us. We ketch one nearly every week, an' sell their skins to a feller downtown. He knows where they come from, but he won't give us away, an you won't neither, will you, mister if you don't we'll show you how to set the trap. You see that sort of mound. Well, that's a muskrat's bed. When he goes out an' in he climbs over that, an' it we put the Irap on top he'll step on it an' get ketched. You can see them sometimes from the street if you look close. When we get home with the skin we have to stretch it on a board for a few days an' then we take it down-town an' sell it. We come here every day to look at our trap, and it we don't have anything we change it to another place. The 'cops' don't know nothin' bout it, and so we sin't afraid. If you don't tell it's all right."

The two small boys then walked away with their skin, after once more setting the trap.

SOME MEN OF THE DAY.

TALK WITH THEM AND ABOUT THEM. The Free Traders in Congress are exceedingly anxiety get the Democratic party fully into line on that uestion. They even go so far as to plead for help from went recently to Senator Aldrich, of Rhode Island, wh d New-England, and said to him: "Senator, you want vote on free trade, and you want it to get a square vote on protective tariff. Why can't you help me get my bill before the House and so get the issue made up?" I did not bear Aldrich's reply, but I apprehend that he told Morrison that if the Democrats would agree to vote to a man for a free trade bill, nothing would give him greate casure than to help get one before Congress, but that is long as Democrats were trying to straddle the ques tion he was not inclined to pull out chestnuts for either Senator Aldrich, by the way, is one of the younge

nembers of the Republican party, who is earnestly in favor of party action in the line of taking up and settling as far as legal enactments can settle them the difference employes. In Rnode Island, within a couple of years It was after one of these had been settied that a number conference of same kind, called on the Senator to tell him with the employes, nd that his example was demoralising. The Senator's reply was, so I am told by a gentle man who was present: "Gentlemen, the fact is that I do sympathize with them. Not only that, but I believe that the Republican party is in sympathy with them. It may not have expression, but the masses of the Republica not have expression, but the masses of the Republican party are intelligent men and they have not been advocating protective tarill, as some of the speculative leaders have, merely as a soy to the workingmen. They have favored the tariff because they believed it to be for the best good of the laboring people. They have a heart in the matter. The best thing I know of for the Republican party to do is to take hold of this labor question in sympathetic carnestness, and show the telling relifions that the sympathy of the party is not mere form. You will find me on that platform all the time, gentlemen, and the best thing employers of labor can do is to get on the same platform."

One of the nervously active young men in the New York Assembly is James H. Manville, of Washingto county. He is a member of the Committee on Commerce. Not many years ago he was an employe in th Assembly Chamber. He is . steambost captain, and has a homely way of talking that is at once forcible and cor his committee had any important work, when he replied "We have the most important work of the session. We have the job of defeating a Magwamp scheme to burst our party. Hotchkiss, of Brooklyn, is at the bottom of it. We have the bills referred to us, making the Health Office at New York a salarited office and abotishing the Quarantine Commission. There isn't any one in Albany or disewhere will ever accuse me of being a friend of 'Tom' Platt or of standing up for anything that I think is corrupt, but these bills will not come out of my cambittee as long as I can keep them there. I taid flusted so the day he referred them to us. I do not believe in breaking up the Republican party by attacking its members who happen to be in office. Hotchkiss, of Brooklyn, is wild to get these bills reported. He was elected as Mugwump and is playing into the hands of the enemy, Mugwump and is playing into the hands of the everny which I will not do."

I was chatting the other day with a resident of Detroit when I happened to ask for some particulars of the Pair family, whose daughter has recently been the subject of so much attention from Senator Jones, of Florida. My acquaintance said: "Francis Palm is one of the richest men in all Michigan. His wealth is estimated at \$20,000,000 to \$25,000,000. He made it in a curious way. He is a French-Canadian. When he came to Michigan he invested what money he had in pine lands. He got a large acreage for very little money. parrelled with his wife, and for lifteen years they did not speak to each other. Meanwhile he could not get his wife to sign a single deed. So he could not dispose of his and, and some of the time it was pretty close scraping for him to pay the taxes. He found out long before his wife and he became reconciled that helding on to the land, was the tiggest kind of an investment and

his business habit in signing cheeks, recently affixed his signature, "Jones of Hinghamton," to a bill which was brought to him to be signed in a nurry, recalled to an orought to him to be signed in a mirry, recalled to an oblion man with whom I was talking last night a similar mistake by ex-Governor Bishop. The Governor was sentor momber of the firm of R. M. Bishop & Co., of Chiennail, when elected. The first document brought to him for signature on being inaugurated was a commission to his private secretary. He selzed the pen and wrote "R. M. Bishop & Co." in the line awaiting the gubernatorial signature. It made great sport.

Police Justice Jacob M. Patterson has some ideas of through my telling him the other day that I expected to laws to prohibit immigration. The prediction roused all the American eagle in the Judge's composition.) Said he: I do not believe it. What ? You tell me that men are going to vote that their brothers and sisters and fathers and mothers on the other side of the water shall not come here to enjoy the privileges of this country tha they enjoy ! Not much. I don't believe it will ever be done. The American people have too much of the broad spirit of Americanism, it you will, to do such a thing. But I will tell you what I do think. I think that the trades are making a mistake in putting a price on all men's labor alike. I hold that if one man is a quicker workman than another, if he is able to do more work, if he is brighter and quicker and surer in his work, he is entitled to more compensation than his fellow who is not so good a workman. I will illustrate what I mean. A friend of mine is a brickmason. He hites a large number of men. The union price is \$4.50 a day, or was when this thing happened. He had four or ive men in his gang who were exceptionally good workmen, but they did only about as much work as the others. He was in a harry with his work and he took them aside one by one and told them that he knew they could help amout and was willing they should have \$4.75 a day. He said they would find it in their envelopes on Saturday nights, and need say nothing to the other men about it. He told me that the investment paid him well in the amount and quality of work he got, while the offer men were all sourred on by these workers to do bet work. But by the third or fourth weak the others began to suspect their fortunate companions, and one Saturday night they demanded to be allowed to hispect the envelopes. Then they demanded \$4.75 all around. Now, I don't believe that sort of thing is right or will work for any length of time. Men are entitled to pay according to the value of their services. When you take away that basis for the payment of services and say you will self time—se many hours—you have got beyond what is right." workman than another, if he is able to do more work, if he

It amused me somewhat while I was talking with the a burst of frankness: " Look here, now, don't you go and report me as saying anything against labor. We poli-ticians have to be careful about that. I am not above saying that I have the most profound and hearty respect for the men who have votes.

I ran across Senator McPherson, of New Jersey, the other day, and fell into conversation about the nomina-tion of Governor Zulick, of Arizona, over which the Senate is soon to have a tussle. Zulick is a former New-Jersey politician and benchman of the Senator. still lived in New-Jersey or had moved to Arizona. The senator told me that this point was not in doubt any lorger as Zulick had really moved to Arizona before the appointment. "He thus qualified kinself for the appointment." said the Senator, "or rather be qualified the Freshleut to appoint him under the resolutions passed by both National Conventions regarding the selection of residents of the Territories for officers of the same." It struck me that Zulick's case was not so different after all from that of the Irisiman who expected to be elected Alderman of New-York the day after his arrival from the all country. John H. Oberly's appointment as United States Civil

service Commissioner has brought out a new story of his stay at Albany, previous to Cleveland's inauguration. It was while General Logan was having his fight in illinois for re-election. The days the news came East that a fracture of the reptile's upper plate made it apparent that it had been strack by a paddle of one of the many side wheel steamboats that ply the bay. On account of this accident it was named "Stramboat." It was placed in the pen and thrived, and in time, after in the pen and thrived, and in time, after bandle pen are to know its name. Every day Mr. Hoverin would walk to want the engledout of the reptile's upper plate made it apparent that it had been strack by a paddle of one of the many side wheel steamboats that ply the bay. On account of this accident it was named "Stramboat." It was placed in the pen and thrived, and in time, after bandle of the pen and thrived, and in time, after bandle of the pen and thrived, and in time, after bandle of the pen and thrived, and in time, after bandle of the pen and thrived, and in time, after bandle of the pen and thrived, and in time, after bandle of the pen and thrived, and in time, after bandle of the pen and thrived, and in time, after bandle of the pen and thrived, and in time, after bandle of the pen and thrived, and in time, after bandle of the pen and thrived, and in time, after bandle of the pen and thrived, and in time, after bandle of the pen and thrived, and in time, after bandle of the pen and thrived, and the pen and thrived, and the pen and thrived, and in time, after bandle of the president travely, "is this the pen and thrived, and the pen and thrived a shirp blow behind the animal's neck with an archer stak. There was a quite gasp and the maskrat color to be in the pen and through the carried it in his hand through the pen and through the carried it in his hand through the pen and through the carried it in his hand through the pen and through the carried it in his hand through the pen and through the carried it in his hand through the pen and through the carried it in his hand throu A MODERN BARBARIAN.

HIS EFFORTS FOR A RETURN TO THE MEDIÆVAL. FROM AN OCCASIONAL CORRESPONDENT OF THE TEIRUNE. 1
St. PETRUSBURG, March 2.
The sudden death of the great Russian patriot

and Slavophil, Ivan Axakoff, has made a strong

impression even upon persons unable to sympathize

with the eccentric views of this writer, whose incontestable talents, noble character and deep sincerity, no one ever ventured to deny. His death is considered as a National loss, and has shaken all ranks of society almost as strongly as did that of Skobeleff, and the Nation rendered to his remains and to his memory as marked tokens of mourning and regret. The Russian press is ununimous in its rather exaggerated encomiums upon the deceased. On the other hand, the German press is unwitting to render this fallen opponent common justice. It must be admitted that the Germans have pretty strong reasons for disliking the celebrated Slavophil, for he never lost an opportunity of giving vent to the strong antipathy he nonrished for all for-Slavophils consider Peter the Great as next door but one to Anti-Christ for having opened Holy Russia to French and German influences, and for having filled the land with infidels." They turn their backs most perseveringly upon the greater part of the reforms made by that great man and by his successors, and especially view with an evil eye the work of the Liberator, Alexander II. Axakofi edited several papers in which these ideas were propagated with great energy and ability. They were ephemetal, because going against the views of the Government. The first was The Day, then the Moskro, the Moskritch, and tately the Roux. There is no denying the great influence these organs have had in Russia. Although they have suc ceeded in converting few people to the views of Axakoff, they have greatly contributed to the diffusion of that exaggerated nationalism now prevalent, and the gradual isolation of Russia from other civilized nations. French and German are no more spoken in society; nothing but Russian is beard, Italian and French music has gone out of fashion. The National costume has been readopted in the army and among functionaries, and more attention than ever is paid to purely exterior formalities, especially in church matters.

Concerning his activity as a publicist it is impossible to ignore the passion and party spirit which pervade all that Axakoft wrote. He attacked his adversaries with the utmost virulence and au energy of language original and powerful but by no neans agreeable. He systematically declined efuting the reasonable opposition made to his extravagant ideas and opinions. All he asserted he expected to be received as Gospel truth, useless to prove, and that only adepts of the " rotten Western pseudo-culture" could venture to doubt. During the last year, however, the Editor of the Rons was fain to acknowledge that he was losing ground fain to acknowledge that he was losing ground every day, and that his ideas were met more and more coldly. Notwithstanding the distinguished writers he invited as obaborators to his organ, the subscribers began to fall of considerably in number and especially in quality. The Eoos was read rather by the Russian merchants and the clergy than by the more intelligent part of the Nation, and much more in Moscow than in St. Petersburg. When Axakoff saw that fis violent recriminations against the Nation and the Administration, his dire prophetic utterances, and criticism of every new reform attempted, made impression neither upon society, nor upon Milan, and only served to make deadly encourse of the Government, nor upon Prince flattenberg, nor upon Milan, and only served to make deadly encourse of the Germans, he fell into a state of discouragement bordering upon despair. The rupture of the Emperor with Prince Battenberg caused him such a blow that it appears highly probable this event was the cause of his death. The loss of the Russian influence in Bulgaria has swept away the dream sof the Slavophils and it is iskely that this party will soon fall to the ground.

Slavophilism has done more serious harm to the interior culture of this country than words can express. The disdain and animosity with which this party considered European culture, the fierce hatred thoy nourshed for everything imported from abroad, have done much toward stopping the country on the general high road to progress, as have also the insane efforts to resuscitate old principles and customs belonging to a stage of civilization which Peter the Great and Catherine II, made it the work of their lives to annihitate. The few ardent Slavophils that have survived their illustrious leader will, it is to be looped, join some other party and cease to consider as ideals most desirable to attain the worn-out institutions of the sevenevery day, and that his ideas were met more and

party and cease to consider as ideals most desirable to attain the worn-out institutions of the seven-teenth century.

Kaskoff's National party, now so powerful, is likely to do more to separate Russia from the rest of do, for the Kaskovists have the sympathy of the Government and of Moscow and the Provinces, though not of St. Petersburg. This party is grow-ing rapidly, to the almost entire extinction of the

though not of St. Petersburg. This party is growing rapidly, to the almost entire extinction of the liberal and progressive European party. When I employ the word "party" it is for want of a better one, for in this country there can of course exist no party in the usual sense of the word, political info being almost absolutely null.

There is not one particle of truth in the sensational articles that appeared in some foreign gazettes averring that Ivan Axakofi died by poison, the victim of German intrigues. The same was said on the occasion of Skobeleff's death, and there is not a shadow of a pretext for such a supposition in either case. Every one knows by this time where and how that here came by his tragic end; and as to Axakoff, he died of heart disease. He knew he was seriously ill, for the very day before his death he found it necessary to consult his thresician. Dr. Saliaria, one of the Russian medical celebrities, and though the end was sudden there was nothing extraordinary in a man sudering from heart disease being taken off in that way. Ivan Axakoff must not be confounded with his consin Alexander Axakoff, the Russian sayant and Spiritualist who works so hard to place Spiritualism upon a solid scientific basis.

THE NEW "PLANCHETTE."

THE NEW "PLANCHETTE."

A MYSTERIOUS TALKING BOARD AND TABLE OVER WHICH NORTHERN OHIO IS AGITATED.

"Planchette is simply nowhere," said a Western man at the Fifth Avenue Hotel, "compared with the new scheme for mysterious communication that is being used out in Ohio. I know of whole communities call it. I have never heard any name for it. But I have seen and heard some of the most remarkable things about its operations—things that seem to pass all human comprehension or explanation."

What is the board like ?" "Give me a pencil and I will show you. The first requisite is the operating board. It may be rectangular about 18 by 20 inches. It is inscribed like this;

> ABCDEFGHIJKLMN OPQRSTUVWXYZA., Good-eve. Good-night.

"The 'yes' and the 'no' are to start and stop the comcourtesy. Now a little table three or four inches high is apparatus in fifteen minutes, with a jack-knife and a marking brush. You take the board in your lap, another person sitting down with you. You each grasp the little table with the thumb and forefinger at each corner next you. Then the question is asked, 'Are there any communications!' Pretty soon you think the other person munications? Pretty soon you think the other person is pushing the table. He thinks you are doing the same. But the table moves around to 'yes' or' no.' Then you go on asking questions and the answers are spelled out by the lega of the table resting on the letters one after the other. Sometimes the table will cover two letters with its feet and then you hang on and ask that the table will be moved from the wrong letter, which is done. Some remarkable conversations have been earried on antil men have become in a measure superstitions about it. I know of a gentleman whose family became so interested is playing with the witching thing that he burned it up. The same high he started out of town on a business trip. The members of his family looked for the board and could not find it. They got a servant to make them a new one. Then two of them sat down and asked what had become of the other table. The answer was spelled out, giving a mane, Jack burned it. There are, of course, any number of nousensical and freelevant answers spelled out, but the workers pay little head to them. If the answers are relevant they talk them over with a superstitious awe. One gontleman of my acquaintance teld me that he got a commanication about a title to some property from his dead brother, which was of men trained to me, the commanication about a title to some property from his dead brother, which was of men trained to the industries of one of the persons without oven speaking them aloud, and the abswers will be returned to the inquirties of one of the persons operating, when the other can get he abswers at all. In Youngstown, Canton, Warren Title Manafeld, Aken, Effer, and a number of is pushing the table. He thinks you are doing the same.